



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

J. Ottmann, Lith. PUCK BUILDING, N. Y.



PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

OFFICE:

PUCK BUILDING,

Southwest Corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets,
NEW YORK CITY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(United States and Canada.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$4.00
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 2.00
 One Copy, for 13 weeks, - - - - - 1.00
 Remit by P. O. Money Order, Postal Note, (payable at Station
 "A.") Draft, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter.
 (England and all Countries in the Berne Postal Treaty.)
 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$5.00
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 2.50
 One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers, - - - - - 1.25

INCL. POSTAGE.

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER
 BUSINESS MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date printed on the wrapper of each paper denotes the
 time when the subscription expires.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Attention is called to the fact that every issue of Puck is specially copyrighted, and its contents protected by law. We have no objection to the reprinting of paragraphs and articles, where full credit is given; but we can not permit the reproduction of our pictures, except by special arrangement with us.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WHEN Mr. Henry George first came into the political arena, he occupied the proud and responsible position of a Theorist. It is an agreeable job, the Theorist's, because it is difficult to tell precisely what a Theorist is. He is a man with theories, that much is certain. But theories are of all sorts. Kant had theories. So had Sir Isaac Newton. So had the late Charles Guiteau. There is a difference in quality between theories, too. Still, to call one's self a Theorist is a rather good scheme; for one may be a Theorist and at the same time a very estimable man.

But, vague as the Theorist business must necessarily be, general as is the designation, there is a line drawn between the Theorist and the Ass. We throw this out merely as an observation of unlimited application. We do not want our readers to connect it too closely with the fact that, early in the last local campaign, we were ourselves obliged to withdraw the name of Theorist with which we had at first honored the new arrival in politics, and to announce our conviction that Mr. George was most clearly distinguished by those characteristics which have made the uncertain beast of burden a familiar type in literature and tradition.

This, however, was our painful duty. For, after all, to deserve the name of Theorist, one must have some original knowledge of one's own. To advocate a few old communistic notions which obtained among the Jews several thousand years ago, and which were long ago abandoned by that practical people, is hardly enough to make a Theorist. And to build on top of such notions a scheme of social salvation which a moment's serious thought shows to be impracticable as a matter of fact, and cruelly unjust and unwise as a matter of theory—this certainly goes far toward proving the would-be Theorist a pale gray, brindled child of nature.

We have not seen the slightest reason to change our maturer opinion of Mr. George. His latest performances have made one thing sure—that his judgement is not likely to serve him greatly in any sort of politics—practical

or ideal. At present, Mr. Henry George is employing his elegant leisure in denouncing the Pope of Rome because that functionary has disciplined a minor functionary for violating his oath to the Church in preaching Mr. George's doctrines. It is an innocent amusement, and we have no doubt that Mr. George firmly expects to bring the tyrannical pontiff to his knees in the snow, in front of the Georgic book-shop in Astor Place—or wherever it may be. We would not rob the reformer of an iota of his enjoyment, and we recognize the fact that argument would be wasted upon his wealth of self-complacency; but to the honest people who have taken Mr. George seriously, we may perhaps say a few words of plain reason.

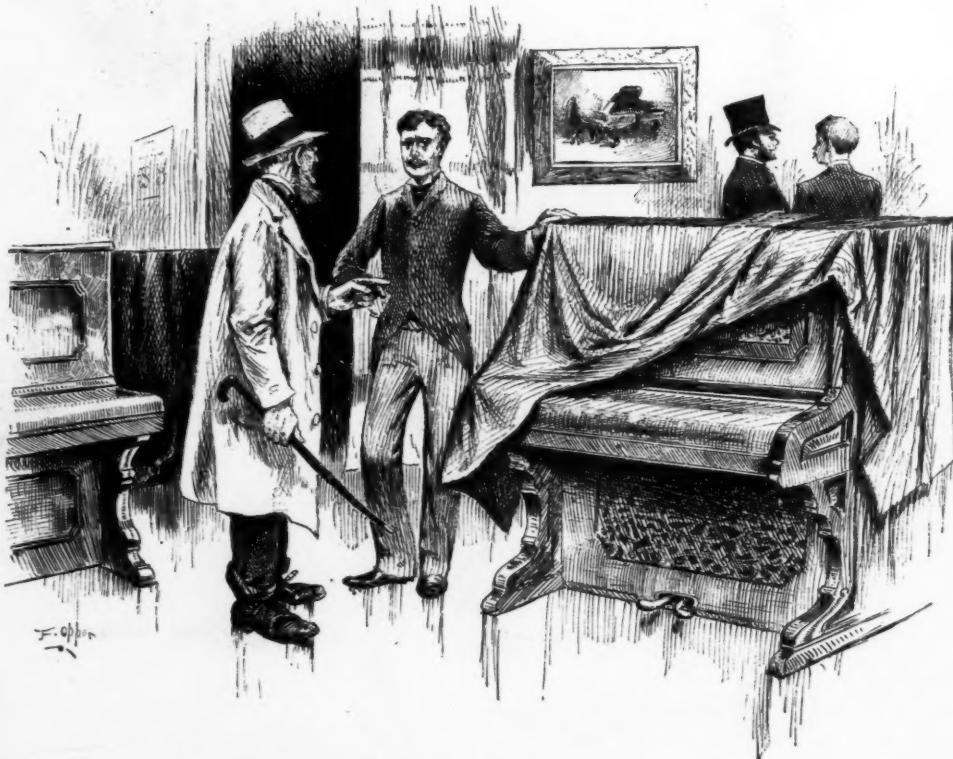
Father McGlynn's rights as an American citizen are not in any way interfered with by the action taken by the authorities at Rome in calling him to account for his utterances in favor of Mr. George's communistic "theories." Father McGlynn made, long ago, a contract—to which, by the way, he bound himself by an oath—to teach the doctrines of the Church of Rome, and not to teach conflicting doctrines. The Church of Rome, by its highest authorities, has decided that the doctrines taught by Father McGlynn in the late municipal campaign are not such as the Church approves. It calls upon him to keep to his contract or to leave the Church. He is at absolute liberty to do one or the other, as may seem best to him. His case is the same as that of the Andover professors, but recently on trial. It is the same as that of any man who is hired to do certain work, in a certain way, and who violates the terms of his contract.

If you once consider this indisputable fact, you will see that Mr. George has small reason for abusing the Pope of Rome. We should dis-

like, more than Mr. George could, to see the Pope using his influence in American politics. But in this case he is only doing what he has a right to do—he is striving to enforce the fulfillment of a contract. His people here understand this fact, and Mr. George will not help his cause—whatever his cause is—among them by his uncalled for and indecent attack upon the head of their religion. The Pope of Rome is acting, in this matter, like a good American citizen.

Prophesying is a poor business; but there are certain deductions which careful men may make from the admitted facts of the present, as to the developments of the future. And it seems to us that any man who thoughtfully watches the movement of the day may safely assert that, within a few years—two or three, perhaps—the men most anxious to secure a revision of our wretched tariff on importations will be the very men who have for years sought to uphold it in its integrity. The simple fact is that the most important constituents of the protectionist politicians—namely, the large capitalists—are beginning to see that what they call "protection" is not protecting them. Forty years ago, ship-building was a profitable industry in America. To-day we build nothing better than fishing-smacks and fancy yachts. And we can build nothing better until we are allowed to import the materials which we can not produce, and thus meet the builders of the Clyde on an equal footing. American ship-builders, and those whose interests are allied with the interests of the ship-builders, are learning this fact day by day. When they once fully understand it, they will bring a mighty pressure to bear upon those broad-minded statesmen who have made a religion out of a purely temporary and provisional economic scheme, and we shall be treated to the pleasing sight of the professional protectionist humbly suing for protection against Protection.

TOO MUCH JUST FOR MUSIC.



COUNTRYMAN (in Messrs. Stonepath's warerooms).—How much is that pianner, Mister?

CLERK.—Five hundred and twenty-five dollars.

COUNTRYMAN.—Thunderation! Is there a foldin' bed inside of it?

CLERK.—No; that's a combination we don't make.

COUNTRYMAN (positively).—Well, I would n't think of payin' any such money jest for a pianner. If you had 'em with foldin' beds, we might make a dicker.

AT A CHURCH WEDDING.



[*Whisperings in the pews while waiting for the bride.*]

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—What a stupid usher, poking us in here with these frumps!

MISS POMPON.—My dress will be ruined—and I can't see a thing.

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—There's very little floral decoration.

MISS POMPON.—And only one clergyman in the chancel.

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—Is that so? I felt sure Nell would have an "assisted" ceremony.

MISS POMPON.—Oh, I expected at least one Bishop. Nell has been so awfully High, lately.

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—Yes, it's been quite amusing, has n't it?

MISS POMPON.—Particularly when one remembers she was so Low a year ago she did n't even bow her head in the creed.

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—Oh, that was when she was after that young Presbyterian swell, you know, who married Kitty Foster.

MISS POMPON.—Have you seen the presents?

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—Oh, yes. Some quite pretty.

MISS POMPON.—Ye-es; the groom's is nothing much.

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—A pearl cross—quite churchy and touching.

MISS POMPON.—Very small pearls; I thought it quite a skimpy affair.

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—It was really rich, do you know, to hear Mrs. Carlton go on.

MISS POMPON.—Oh, I suppose so.

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—The day I was over there she came in with such an air. "Eleanor, my dear," she said: "don't fatigue yourself over that embroidery." Then she turned to me: "she has so much before her, you know; to-night is the church rehearsal, and afterward Mrs. Clarke gives a supper to the bridal-party." All with such delicious complacency!

MISS POMPON.—Oh, the entire family have acted as if no one was ever married before.

GROOM'S MOTHER (*raising her eye-glass*).—My dear, is that young man over there in naval uniform?

GROOM'S FATHER.—Well, yes, he is an ensign.

GROOM'S MOTHER (*with crushing sweetness*).—Dear Mrs. Carlton has talked so much about their relatives in the Navy. He must be them—I don't see any others.

GROOM'S SISTER (*married*).—Mama, I don't think Lander is to play to-night at the house.

GROOM'S MOTHER (*sharply*).—Why?

SISTER.—I asked Nell to-day, how many of Lander's men would be there, and she was quite embarrassed; said she didn't know, as "Papa arranged all that."

GROOM'S MOTHER.—I shall be mortified to death. The least they can-do, marrying their daughter as brilliantly as they are, is to give her a perfectly appointed wedding.

GROOM'S SISTER (*unmarried*).—Mama, this is Nelly's fourth season. Edith Connor told me so yesterday. She came out the same autumn with Edith's sister, Mrs. Jarvis, you know.

GROOM'S MOTHER.—Oh, I don't doubt it; but, of course, you spoke of her having been a year abroad, and a year in mourning?

GROOM'S SISTER (*unmarried*).—Oh, yes, indeed. I quite snubbed Edith.

BRIDE'S MOTHER.—Now, Mr. Carlton, don't fail to be on the watch when the minister asks, "Who giveth this woman?" You must step right forward, and *don't* tread on Nelly's train.

BRIDE'S FATHER.—I wish the dayvillish fuss was over. Did you tell the caterer that untouched pieces were to be returned and allowed for?

BRIDE'S MOTHER.—No; I did not. Blank never serves in that way, and if I had to have second-class music I was bound to have Blank cater. Those Clarkes are so supercilious; they'll be sure to discover that Lander is n't playing.

BRIDE'S FATHER.—Blankety blank the whole lot! I'm paying the shot, not old Clarke. I wish he was!

ORGANIST (*to FRIEND in left*).—What time is it?

FRIEND.—8:35.

ORGANIST.—My contract was from 7:30 to 8:30—it'll cost just about ten dollars more to keep me here another quarter of an hour.

BRIDE (*in lobby, to SISTER, who is maid of honor*).—Is the church packed? I hope so. Tell the ushers to be sure, and walk slow enough. Now, Elizabeth, if you don't keep step with me I'll give my old black velvet to Kate. Pull the lace out on my train to show the pattern a little better. Are you sure the pillow at the altar is just in the right place? Signal that organist to begin the wedding march. Is dear mother Clarke safe in her place? Stingy old thing, she'll be furious when she sees I did n't wear the skimpy little lace flounce, "the one, my dear, I wore on my wedding day." A pretty bride she must have been. Wait a minute till I get my face straight. There! am I looking down enough? Come on, real slow, and *do do do* keep step.

MINISTER (*to slow music*).—Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.

PHILIP H. WELCH.

ETIQUETTE.

(ALL CORRESPONDENCE ON THIS SUBJECT SHOULD BE ADDRESSED, "DRESS-SUIT," Family Gazette Office.)

It is beginning to be recognized in this country that a knowledge of etiquette may be of practical use. Once life with us was too entirely a struggle for bare existence to admit of the lighter amenities. When, as a nation, we rose at five A. M., form and ceremonial could have no place. The husband would say to the wife, simply: "Get up and start the fire." There was no pretence at style. Now it is different. The cook starts the fire, or sacrifices certain measures of coal to keep it going over night; and husband and wife fight it out on some other line. This is only one instance of our progress in manners. The questions in the following letter, taken from the *Family Gazette*, while bordering rather closely on the over-nice and curious, may prove of interest to those who study the subtler refinements of etiquette. It is "Rustica" who asks:

"Is it right for a young man to correspond with nine or ten young ladies at the same time? We have a young school-teacher who does so. What do you think of him? What do you think of a young lady who allowed a gentleman to go home with her from church, and then told him it was n't proper for her to invite him in after nine o'clock in the evening?"

"Rustica" is evidently a *nom de plume*, a sort of coarse domino, intended to conceal a lady of the highest rank, named Mary Jane. Formed in a noble mould, instead of accepting the dictates of her exalted caste on these soul-vexing problems, she submits them to her social inferiors, feeling that whatever may be their technical ignorance, their natural, healthy and undepraved instincts must be the truest guide. Our virgin judgement shall be at her command.

Looking now, for the first time, at this question of corresponding with nine or ten young ladies simultaneously, it appears to us a noble deed. It is more than right: it is glorious. The man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, is a benefactor who should be publicly thanked in the agricultural department; but the man who voluntarily assumes the burdens of eight or nine fellow men, is a philanthropist whose praises are appropriate in every column. We can imagine the awful misery, and yet the sublime rapture of martyrdom on his pale but noble face, as he extends his arms to grasp nine or ten correspondences. We hail him, Arnold Winkelried! And it is a young school-teacher who does this! Ah—a thought! Then it may be gallantry! Young country school-teachers have wondrous charms—affable, polished, stately, yet gracious, erudite yet unpedantic, wearing a fresh paper collar every day, and "fine" boots—who shall withstand them? Certainly not the paltry nine or ten clay-faced, red-handed, lean, dowdy country girls with whom this unambitious Lothario has contented himself. What do we think of him? We think he is a brick. He is n't a "b'jove" dude, you know, but he's just as perfect a "cheese it," "wipe off your chin," "go west" rustic swell as we ever went anywhere.

What do we think of the young lady who told the gentleman it was n't proper to invite him in after nine P. M.? We think she was in a difficult pass. If it was n't proper, there could be no excuse for her to say that it was proper; and if it was proper, we think she was perfectly true to the dictates of modesty in asserting that it was not. It is true, and we admit it, that she might have said nothing; but then she would have exposed herself to the charge of taciturnity and cold-

EXPRESSIVE.

MR. LIVINGSTONE VAN RIPER (of New York).—May I have the pleasure of part of the next waltz, Miss Frankfort?

MISS FRANKFORT (whose father owns a Kentucky stock farm).—Thanks, awfully, but I've darned so much, I'm 'most foundered.



ness; nay, even to that of being niggardly in shedding new and valuable information.

Incidentally we may add that seven, and not nine, is the country limit to the social evening. After seven no true gentleman would think of routing out a slumbering family for the selfish pleasure of eating apple-pie and refreshments out of a tin-plate with his sweetheart. Special occasions, of course, have special rules; so that on gala days, or, as the rustic generically names them, "merry Fourth of Ju New Yearases," a caller is received as late as eight. There is another festal day in the country on which even more license is allowed; so that the scene puts off the simplicity which we are wont to consider characteristic of rural life, and becomes a veritable Roman Carnival. This is the day known as *Le Jour des Cochons*, or "Killin' Time," and is celebrated by neighboring families on different dates. When the occasion arrives, the guests assemble, libations of cider are poured, joy is unbound, the dog is tied looser. Pomona piles her fruits before the revellers, the goddess of hickory nuts does the same, a general good time is reported, bacchanalian songs are sung, histories of ancient heavy hogs are narrated for the edification of the youth, and after an orgy lasting until nine or ten, each guest is speeded homeward bearing a "spare rib" (the part of the pig held as a symbol of hospitality), which he is to keep as a pledge *in mutuum* until his family celebrates the same occasion. If, then, he does not return a rib a certain number of sizes longer, thicker and fatter, war is immediately declared.

WILLISTON FISH.

A CORRESPONDENT SAYS a bald eagle should be the barber's emblem. Would not a curlew be more appropriate.

BOSTON PAPERS are complaining bitterly about the weather. For a city that makes a specialty of philosophy, Boston seems to be easily upset.

GOOD TASTE tells us to dress quietly; but when we come home early in the morning, somebody else tells us to undress quietly.

NO SOONER did Krupp invent a cannon that would pierce a thirty-eight inch steel-plate, than somebody else invented a steel-plate thirty-nine inches thick. It is rumored that Krupp will try again.

TOO MUCH FOR THE PROVINCIAL.



PECULIAR APPEARANCE OF A BOSTON MAN ON HIS RETURN FROM A WEEK'S VISIT TO NEW YORK. THE HIGH BUILDINGS DID IT.

BROWNING IN BOSTON.

IN THE LOBBY.

In Business Circles.

"H A, Brown, good morning!"
 "Good morning, good morning, Whyte! How 's business, anyhow?"
 "Fair. Coal's going up. Everything pretty lively down your way?"
 "Yes, cold weather 's helping trade. Had a good run in all our departments yesterday. Stocks pretty steady?"
 "Yes, rather. Did n't see you at the Browning Club last night."
 "No, had to stay away. Mighty sorry. Had good time, did n't you?"
 "Fine. Several new and capital interpretations were given of his sonnets. Ought to been there!"
 "I shan't miss again this winter."

At Hour's Silk Counter.

"Why, Sadie, is this you?"
 "Yes, indeed; where did you come from?"
 "I just now ran in; so glad to see you."
 "How well you 're looking!"
 "Oh, thanks. I saw you at our Browning Club last night."
 "And I saw you. Was n't it just too splendid for anything!"
 "I never knew before how perfectly beautiful dear old Browning was."
 "I think he 's just sweet."
 "So do I. I'll see you at the Club next week?"
 "Yes, indeed; I would n't miss it for anything."
 "Nor I."

On Hampden Street.

"The top av the mornin' to yeez, Mistur O'Rafferty!"
 "The same to yerself, Mistress Gilligan."
 "Bedad, an' its a snifter we 're havin' in the way of bad weather, ma'am."
 "It is that same, Mrs. Gilligan. But sure an' I don't moind it, ma'am, so long as I've a bit o' beer in the house, an' me copy av Mr. Browning's writin's."
 "Browning is it, ma'am? An' it 's a devilish foine writer he was, ma'am. Me ould man an' me are r'adin' him the blissid toime!"
 "Ye'll be at the Browning Club to-night, Mrs. Gilligan?"
 "I will that, ma'am."

At Young's Hotel Restaurant.

"Ah, deah boy, but it 's pleasant to bweak bwead with you again."
 "Thanks, old chappie; thanks awfully; you're looking monstrous well, deah boy."
 "Ah, thanks, awfully, old fel, I believe I am well. Whacher doing to kill time, me boy?"
 "Why, doncher know, weading Bwowning, to be sure, old chappie."
 "Ah, shake, deah boy. I'm weading Bwowning myself. Belong to six Bwowning clubs, doncher know."
 "So do I. Chwaming fellow Bwowning must have been, chwaming."
 "Oh, magnif! you must join my Bwowning club."
 "I will, deah boy, if you'll join mine."

Extracts from Boston Papers.

The West and South End Browning Clubs meet on Tuesday nights. The clubs in the North and East End hold meetings on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings.

A Browning Club was organized yesterday on Deer Island by a number of philanthropic ladies from the West End.

Twenty-nine new Browning Clubs were organized on the Back Bay last week.

Mr. Arthur Pickering gave some delightful interpretations of Browning, before Cambridge's sixteen Browning Clubs on Friday.

Two of the drivers on the Metropolitan car-line came to blows yesterday, over a disputed interpretation of Browning. They spent the night in the cooler, but their fines were paid this morning by members of the Soulful Insight Browning Club, from South Boston.

The newsboys of the city are organizing into Brown Clubs, and they are to be joined by the Cash Girls' Clubs.

ZENAS DANE.



VISITORS.—We 're frinds of th' Honorable Tim Campbell, an' we 're tehkin 'in th' sights av the Capitol.

DOOR-KEEPER.—I beg your pardon, gentlemen; but Mr. Campbell is all we can stand at one time. You 'll have to call again.

RANDOM REMARKS.

JAKE SHARP will not be howling so loud for a change of venue much longer. But he will probably be howling louder for a change in the style of clothing worn in his new home.

JOHN MORLEY's favorite beverage is champagne, and so is Jaehne's. The only difference between the two men in this respect is that the latter's favoritism is not allowed to run away with itself just now.

THE PRINCETON eleven have made a change in their coach. The old one has done nobly; but as firearms are to be a feature of next season's games, and dynamite balls are to be used, it was thought better to engage a full-fledged Nihilist as an instructor.

MR. JOHN T. WHEELWRIGHT has written a novel entitled: "A Child of the Century." George W., of Philadelphia, bows gracefully, and blushes like a red, red rose.

THE VALUE of Mr. Blaine's coal lands in Pennsylvania is placed at one million dollars, and is as black as has been painted.

TENNYSON is engaged on a poem laudatory of the Battenberg baby, and that young gentleman is developing his muscles as fast as he can with the avowed purpose of pounding some sense into the bard as soon as he is big enough.

THE LAST number of *Building* contains "Suggestions for Interior Decoration," and Mr. Depew has ordered the whole issue.

ARMOUR THREATENS to move his business to Milwaukee, and *Literary Life* is dead. Chicago seems to be getting it both ways.

IF MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER would only endorse the no-hat reform, the question would be settled.

THE BATTENBERG baby has five given names already; but if one is n't enough for him when he reaches man's estate, our analytical study of the times is at fault.

IT is said that "Gath" can write a column of matter that ain't so in ten minutes with one eye shut and one hand tied behind his back.

BOSTON is getting to be quite metropolitan. It has had a street-car strike.

IN THE CHOIR LOFT.



[SCENE.—Choir-loft of the Church of the Investigation. High-priced quartette and organist discovered. A red cloth screen hides them from the small but extremely select congregation (which includes some of the very best people—in other words, the people with the most money) always to be found at the Investigation. The voice of the REVEREND POTIPHAR HOWLINGSWELL is heard announcing a hymn.]

ORGANIST (an imported article, who is known to have a predilection for boy-choirs, and is therefore unpopular with the quartette).—Now, for 'Eavink's sake, don't let the bloomink congregation pull you back as they did in the lahtst hymn—and look hout for your phrasing, Miss Morgenstern.

SOPRANO (wrathfully).—I kess I oonderstand my peezeess, ain'd it? [She is congratulated upon the keenness of her repartie by the other members of the choir, while the organist plays the hymn. The quartette then rise and sing, and have the satisfaction of distancing the select congregation before the end of the third line. When they have finished, they reseat themselves, and produce from various places of concealment an assortment of novels and newspapers.]

CONTRALTO (an elderly young lady gifted with embonpoint, a crushed strawberry bang, and a sepulchral voice, who fondly cherishes the pleasing delusion that her associates believe her youthful and giddy).—Just as we began to sing I saw a genlmanfrend of mine in one of the front pews. He's an awful funny man—used to write for the comic papers till his doctor told him to stop, because it was affecting his brain—and he gave me such a comical look that it was all that I could do to keep from laffin'. I never suffered so much in all my life.

TENOR (who is employed in a ribbon department, and who wishes to be thought a sarsociety man—addressing BASSO).—Let me see, I was going to tell you about what happened one Sunday at St. Pharaoh's, when I was singing there. You see, down at St. Pharaoh's there was a little room back of the organ-loft, where we used to go during the sermon and carry on, don't you know. Well, one Sunday, McThorax, the basso, brought a bottle of champagne and opened it just as the dominie had reached Thirdly. Well, sir, the cork went right through the left eye of Elijah in a big stained-glass window, and dropped in the chancel. Two of the vestrymen came rushing out in a frightful rage, don't you know, and poor McThorax was bounced. [The BASSO is highly entertained by this amusing reminiscence, and thinks it a good time to introduce his favorite anecdote of an alleged offer made him by Mapleson to sing in Italian opera.]

BASSO (large, bony individual, whose voice sounds like that of a man concealed in a barrel).—That reminds me, somehow, of my interview with Mapleson. Ever tell you that? Never mind—it'll bear repeating. He heard of my voice, and was dev'lish anxious to secure me. He sent for me, and I went. What d'ye think the duffer offered me? Thirty-five a week, sir; and

he wanted me to sign a contract giving him the right to terminate the engagement at two weeks' notice. "Sir," says I: "did you send for me to insult me? You can have me," says I: "for five hundred a week, and traveling expenses for three persons, if you sign a contract for forty weeks. Good-day." And with that I walked out, leaving the blooming British duffer literally dumbfounded.

ORGANIST (who has caught the last few words and imagines that they have a personal significance; fiercely).—What's that you say, may I arsk?

BASSO (who is game).—What's that to you?

ORGANIST.—"Bloomink British duffer" were your words, I believe.

BASSO.—You've got the words, but not the accent.

CONTRALTO (anxious to pour oil upon the troubled waters).—Really, gentlemen, they'll hear you outside. What are we going to sing for offertory?

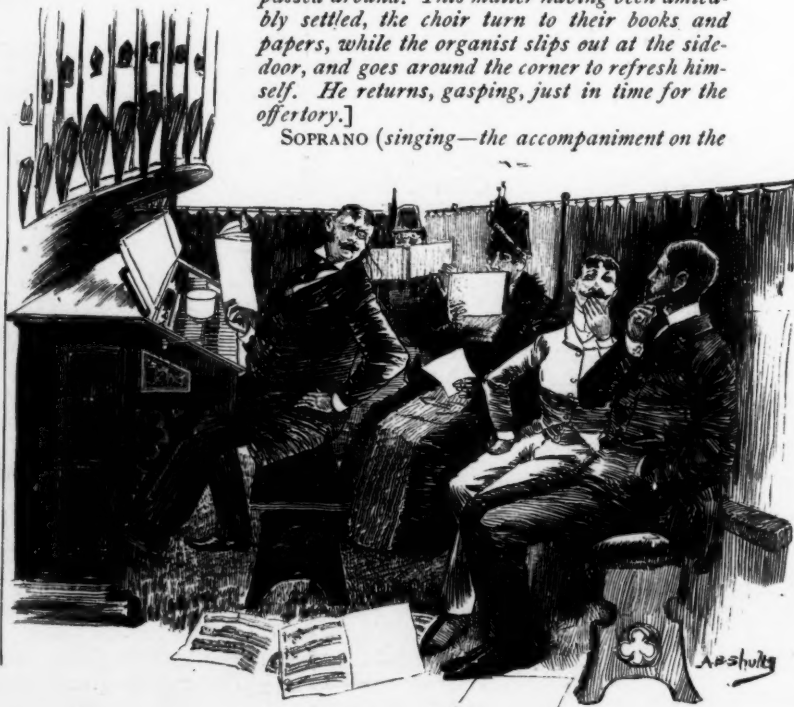
ORGANIST.—Cahn't you and Mr. Profundo sing your new duet: "How Holy is this Place?"

CONTRALTO.—We don't know it. We could n't possibly duet. [This unassuming little jest has obtained in church-choir circles, from time immemorial, and is always productive of hilarity. It is now made public for the first time. Although the quartette have heard it hundreds of times before, they are convulsed with merriment, and peace is restored.]

ORGANIST.—Then Miss Morgenstern can sing "Oh, for the Wings of a Dove."

SOPRANO.—I don'd know abowit dot. I haf got to zing at a zacret-concert to-night, und I don'd vant to be all playt owit. [She is finally prevailed upon to sing while the plate is being passed around. This matter having been amicably settled, the choir turn to their books and papers, while the organist slips out at the side-door, and goes around the corner to refresh himself. He returns, gasping, just in time for the offertory.]

SOPRANO (singing—the accompaniment on the



organ being heavy enough to support a chorus of twenty).—"Oh, for der veenks, for der veenks of a dofe," etc., etc.

CONTRALTO (when the vocalist has reseated herself).—That was lovely, perfectly lovely!

SIZING EACH OTHER UP.



SMART DRUMMER (to hotel-clerk).—Ah, Charley, high-toned as usual, and diamonds bigger than ever!

HOTEL-CLERK.—You bet! I suppose you want a four-dollar room for two dollars, and all the sample tables in the house?

(Aside to TENOR.) Did you ever hear such abominable phrasing?

BASSO.—I say, his nibs is giving out the hymn—number 578. [They presently rise and rush through the hymn. The TENOR makes desperate efforts to catch the eye of a pretty girl in a middle-aisle pew, and finally succeeds. The benediction pronounced, the quartette depart, to come back in the afternoon and do it all over again.]

F. A. S.

MY WINTER GIRL.

LIKE peas within a pod,
Close, exact,
Lie my gun and fishing-rod,
Neatly packed;
Pounds of lead for alligators!
Pounds of cash for guides and waiters!
In a week I'm off for blooming
Florida. (Præcognita.)

I shall wear a flannel shirt—
London make;
When I travel, camp, or flirt
On the lake;
I can sport a tennis-blazer,
And need never see a razor,
When I get into the wilds of
Florida. (O, Lady da!)

I shall meet my winter girl
With a cough;
At society's gay whirl
We will scoff;
We will row, and walk together,
In the warm, and balmy weather
Which they boast of down in
"Sunny Florida." (Tra la! Tra la!)

I may see the other man—
Grim and sad—
Who last season held her fan—
Perfect cad—
Jilted! Coming down in pique,
With his bride—from regions bleak,
Honey-mooning in romantic
Florida. (Che Fortuna!)

But if amid the twirl
Of tourists' toes,
I should mark—my summer girl!
In the clothes
Worn at Newport, when we parted,
Vowing faith, though broken-hearted,
I shall leave that over-rated
Florida. (Ta ta! Ta ta!)

A. N. MAN.

THE GOOD SMALL BOYS AND THE BAD LARGE BOY.

A FABLE.



A number of Small Boys were skating on a Mill-Pond, when a Large Boy, with a pair of Club Skates of the Latest Pattern, appeared, and took possession of the Entire Pond, shoving the Small Boys right and left, and Upsetting them with Great Violence. The Small Boys were very indignant at this treatment, but were afraid to Protest, as the Large Boy threatened to stand them all on their Heads for Two Cents.

THE FIRST BILL OF THE YEAR.

OUR special Washington correspondent telegraphs us, just as we are going to press, that while both houses of Congress were engaged in discussing the evils of Civil-Service Reform as practised by the Administration, a bill which had escaped from its appropriate committee was passed through both branches of legislation, and sent to the White House for the President's signature. When the full extent of this entirely unprecedented action was realized, the faces of the legislators were blanched with amazement and unanimity.

The Senate at once proceeded into Executive session, and discussed the occurrence behind closed doors for the space of several hours. At the close of the discussion, the senators seemed unusually depressed, and refused to give any explanation of the unfortunate occurrence. It is believed, however, that the bill was thought to be a resolution of Senator Hoar, upon the subject of outrages in the solid South, and was therefore passed by a *viva voce* vote without even being read.

If the person who introduced it can be discovered, he will probably be suspended, if not impeached. Some of the more vindictive members are in favor of forfeiting his pay for a year, and cutting him off from seaside investigating committees, and attending senatorial funerals for the coming six months. This, however, will hardly be done.

In the House the consternation was even more pronounced, and threats of lynching the unfortunate man who proposed the bill were freely indulged in by the Western and Southern members. It is explained, by supposed friends of the miscreant, that he had no idea it would pass the Senate, or he would not have allowed it to be read.

This explanation, however plausible it may sound, is not likely to have much weight with the thinking members, who regard it as a trick of the Mugwumps to embarrass party legislation by this unprecedented means.

At the White House the excitement was intense. When the bill was first received, the President at once called a Cabinet meeting, and the Private Secretary was ordered to take the document in the back yard, and open it with a pair of tongs, for fear it might contain dynamite.

After it was opened, it was found to be a

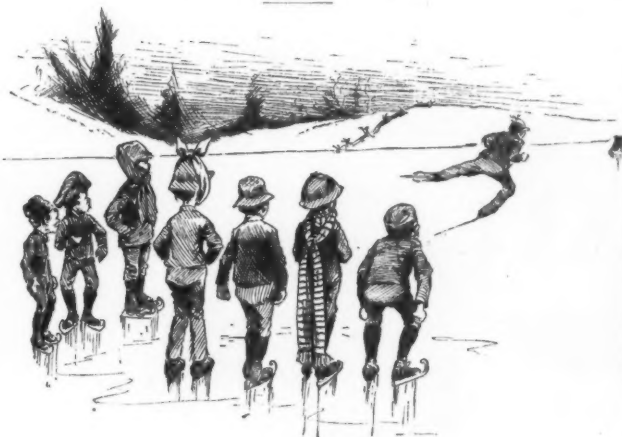
measure granting a pension to the constituent of a New York member who unfortunately had been denied the privilege of participating in the war by circumstances beyond his control.

He was a boy in Ireland at the time. This, however, the bill declared, was not really his fault, and should not be charged against him at this time. At the time we go to press the matter is still being discussed by the Cabinet.

THE THING most to be regretted about the execution of Cluverius is that the man who furnished the red-white-and-blue rope was n't hanged at the same time.

TENNYSON'S NEW ode is to be entitled: "God Save the Baby."

ON TICK—The Telegrapher.



Presently, the Large Boy said he would show them some Fast Skating, and started at a Terrific Pace for a large Stump in the middle of the pond. He did not know that the ice around the Stump was very Thin, but became aware of the Fact—when he broke through and had to



wade in water up to his Waist to the Stump, upon which he scrambled for all he was Worth—

EN ROUTE FOR HARLEM.

FIRST PASSENGER (in rear car of elevated train).—I feel that I am catching cold in my head. This car is too warm. Let us try the one ahead.

They try the one ahead.

SECOND PASSENGER.—How do you feel now?

FIRST PASSENGER.—Now the cold has gone to my lungs. This car is too cold. Let us try another.

They try another.

SECOND PASSENGER.—Feel any better?

FIRST PASSENGER.—No; pneumonia is coming on, with congestive chills. This car is too hot. Carry me into another.

He is carried into another.

SECOND PASSENGER.—How is it now, old fellow?

FIRST PASSENGER.—Worse and worse. Pleurisy has set in, with inflammatory rheumatism. This car is too cold. Try the first one.

The first car is tried.

SECOND PASSENGER.—Rouse yourself, old man! We are nearly at Harlem.

FIRST PASSENGER.—I shall never see dear old Harlem again. See that my grave is kept green. This car is too—too—



—And upon which he Sat for about three-quarters of an Hour, with a Cool Breeze blowing on him, listening to the Remarks of the Small Boys, who had assembled at a Safe Distance.

MORAL.

Be kind to the Weak and Timid, because there is no telling how Soon they may have the Imperial Laugh on you.

IMPROVED QUOTATIONS.

HOME THEY brought her warrior dead,
'Midst the foemen slain with spears;
"Don't let it warrior, ma'am," they said.
Soon she dried her tears.

ORDER IS Heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be greater than the rest;
It takes nine yards when such men order a vest.

MY GOOD blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure,
Myself and the bold Sir Bedivere
Have practised our acts on the moor;
And our manager now is arranging dates
For a "Dead-Shot, Wild West" tour.

THE MAN who vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose a universe,
Observe how systems into systems run,
What clustering planets circle round each sun—
Why, such a man, Augustus, yanks the bun.





CAUGHT ON AT LAST.



OIL BROKER (to former customer).—How d' ye do, Mr. Lamb? I'm glad to see you looking so well and prosperous.

MR. LAMB.—Yes, I've been on the right side of the market, now, for some months.

OIL BROKER.—What side have you been playing?

MR. LAMB.—The outside.

TO A WOULD-BE HUMORIST.

DEAR SIR: Writing funny articles is the easiest thing in the world. Even when you have n't any idea for an article it is easy. It is not necessary to have an idea, because you can find one at a moment's notice. I pick up a copy of PUCK at random. The first thing that meets my eye is a picture representing a man and woman looking at a unicorn.

This suggests to me the idea of calling a certain vile liquor unicorn whiskey, on account of one horn being enough. It also suggests that as this horn is plenty for the animal it adorns, that we might speak of a unicornucopia as being another horn of plenty, and then write a story of a child roaming in a forest whose trees are laden with unipocorn balls.

I lay this aside for future use, and open the dictionary at that part where the *élite* directory of the ancients occurs. The first thing I see is Cyclops. Then I close the book, primed with an idea for a small two-dollar joke. Here it is:

LITTLE LAURA.—Oh, aunty, here is something about the Cyclops in the paper! Do you know who the Cyclops are?

AUNT ABIGAIL.—No, I ain't acquainted with 'em. Guess they're them folks that gets up the Cyclopedias.

Then I begin to get mad because comic writing is so easy. I pick up a Natural History, and open at the picture of a snail, and an account of his slowness. Here it is:

BROWN.—I see that according to natural history the snail is the slowest animal in existence. Don't you think the snail would be happy in Brooklyn?

SMITH.—Not at all; the snail would be altogether too lively for Brooklyn. He would die of *ennui* there.

This goes with the ordinary jokes on cities and towns, such as "Delays are dangerous, except in Philadelphia," and "you can always tell a Brooklyn man by the dust on his hat, and the gray shawl drawn tightly about his ears, and clasped together in front with bull-frogs."

If you read an account of a turtle dinner in a newspaper, you can allude to the turtle as having been shelled out, and say he has a pretty firm grip on man, and that the terrapin is supplied with a pair of terra-pincers, and that the tortoise-shell cat makes the favorite turtle soup of the Chinese. Then, when you allude to the Chinese, don't forget to say that they understand their business to a T. This will, of course, remind you that the Chinese make the fire-cracker. This, in itself, is not funny; but you must here introduce a parrot, and have it say: "Polly wants a fire-cracker!" Give it to him lighted, and remark: "They went off together, never to return."

When you read in the paper of a rise in oil, you must state that it is a reference to the tragedy of the servant who kindled the fire with kerosene, going through the roof to take an airing before breakfast.

Read a tobacco paper, lay it down and state: The five-cent puffadora is the cheroot of all evil. That sort of thing is generally regarded as philosophy worthy of Seneca, that dear old Indian chief from Northern New York.

Then state, as a geographical paradox, that Montpelier is a fragrant city, although on the Onion, while Cologne on the Rhine outstretches Hunters' Point. Then you might say that Hunters' Point ought to be Jockey-clubbed.

You may also tell the world—if you have on armor—that the bookkeeper has an inkling of arithmetic, and that perhaps Mrs. Langtry's maker-up sometimes paints the lily for the stage, which is not such a ridiculous excess as decorating a ball of head cheese with a silk hat. Then you can occasionally ask a conundrum such as: How is it that the goose can hang high when it is all down? Then you can rattle out a volley of such observations as: The greatest Bass-relief is a bottle of white label, that a soft crab turneth away wrath, and that the wages of sin is the police-court fine.

It is a very easy matter to write comic copy. All you've got to do is to keep your eyes and ears open, and travel about, and your articles write themselves in your mind, and all you have to do is to copy them out, send them to your favorite paper, fold up your arms like the Arab, and wait for the little check to come bounding along, and make you as happy as a Prohibitionist at high water.

R. K. M.

THERE ARE three or four great balls given in New York every winter, but the greatest of these is Charity.

ON MCQUADE'S arrival at Sing Sing, Jaehne was looking out of the man-hole in his cell, and saw his companion pass down the corridor. It is said that the smile on the ex-jeweler's face could not have been measured with the Atlantic cable as a tape-line.

A QUESTION OF TIME—*Quelle heure est-il?*

METROPOLITANS AT THE METROPOLITAN.



If Music wishes to establish her supremacy, let her take this method of preventing untimely laughter in the boxes of the Aristocracy.



THE LITTLE savings banks are fading now.

THERE IS NO MORE excitement in hugging a girl dressed in a toboggan suit than there is in hugging a bale of hay.

THEY HAVE appointed a lady as chief of Police in Moscow. We do not even know her name, but the thought suggests itself that she must be a delightful companion and helpmate for her husband in her off-hours.

THE TOBOGGAN slide at Tuxedo is just one mile long, differing majestically from the pockets of some of the late guests, who are just now retrenching in the city.

A PENNSYLVANIAN REPUBLICAN organ remarks that Fatty Walsh should have been appointed to a cabinet position. Our Keystone contemporary seems to forget that this country is not under a Republican Administration this year.

MARY ANDERSON has signed a contract with Henry Irving to play a thirty weeks' engagement at the London Lyceum, beginning next autumn, and Henry is negotiating for a large steam-heating plant for his theatre.

LORD AYLESBURY went out hunting the other day, but out of respect for his lately deceased grandfather, followed the hounds in a dog-cart. If his grandmother had died, too, he would probably have done the square thing in nothing less than a circus chariot.

THE PITTSBURGH beauties are, no doubt, called smoked pearls.

BISMARCK SEEMS to be a Reichstag party all by himself. If you don't believe it, just keep your weather eye open for PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1887, which will be launched in a day or two.

PUCK'S VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston, have sent us a copy of "A Book for Boys," by a man who was once a boy. It is a little red-covered pamphlet that you can put in your vest-pocket, and read going to and from business in the open barouche. It tells the boy how to do one thing at a time. But no boy ever succeeded in doing just one thing at a time, outside of sleeping. Then the boy is told how to win. We know a better way in three words: "load the dice." It goes on to tell boys just how to succeed; but we don't believe the boy has yet been born that ever did business according to the advice laid down in this book, and we don't believe he ever will be. He would be such a nice, good, sweet little boy, that he would wilt like a morning-glory at noon, if a companion asked him to play ball in the City Hall Park while on an errand.

We have received a copy of the popular guide-book, "One Hundred Miles Around New York," and if we traveled a thousand miles around New York, we don't think we should succeed in finding another guide so simple, accurate and convenient as this one. It tells you how to reach everything but affluence, and belongs as much to the tourist as does Scylla to Charybdis, Jetsam to Flotsam, This to That, Beaumont to Fletcher, Brandy to Soda, and Fried Bacon to Fried Liver.

"The Romance of the Unexpected" is the title of a good-sized book of poems by David Skaats Foster, who, if we remember rightly, is an occasional contributor to the *Century*. The serious poems of the book are commonplace, to say nothing of false rhymes and other faults, while the humorous pieces are chiefly noted for slang and vulgarity. It is strange, to say the least, that the author of such a sonnet as "The Cricket," good in spite of a false rhyme, could have written some of the other poems in the book. Putnams.

"Civitas" is a long-winded verbose poem, written in heroic couplets, and divided into parts. Walter Campbell is the poet, and the Putnams are the publishers. It reminds us of Pope, and his melancholy poetical somersaults. If Lady Colin's head is level, she will use this historical poem against her Lord on the re-opening of her case.

Dr. Robert Alexander Gunn has just fired himself off in a work which he calls, "The Truth About Alcohol." One truth about alcohol is that it is watered. But we are not told that it is watered by the Prohibitionists, to give it a temperance tone. If we were told so, we would not believe it, because we don't believe a Prohibitionist would water his whiskey.

The *Brooklyn Magazine* gives us an article, entitled: "The Art of Spending Money." It is unnecessary, for we know just how to spend money. What we should like to know is, how to hold on to some of our millions.

We are asked by an exchange: "Why have we had such a prosperous year?" It is a question very easily answered. It is because PICKINGS FROM PUCK took hold of the public last June, and has still got its grip. It is because we had to keep open all night to print PICKINGS FROM PUCK to supply the demand. It is because the X-MAS PUCK proved a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and because PUCK sold so fast that news-dealers sprained their wrists and dislocated their shoulder blades trying to hand them out fast enough to an appreciative and critical public.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

WE are told, by a correspondent, that one of our thoroughfares is called Bond Street because there is n't a bondholder in it. He might also have stated that King Street is full of common people, and Water Street of bar-rooms. We don't think there is a hotel on Front Street. Cliff Street is flat, and Church Street is not noted for the number of pious people that live on it. Pearl Street is not the head-quarters of the leading jewelers, and Bridge Street has no water running across it.

Broad Street is not as broad as it is long, and Dey Street is full of life. Reade Street is at present without a library, and Mulberry Street without a silk-worm. Albany Street would be happier with a sturgeon or two, and Grand Street would probably enjoy greater prosperity if it were not such a wretched affair. Canal Street is without a mule, and Walker Street is station-

ary. Vestry Street, if we remember rightly, is not the street on which our leading divines live, and Beach Street has no surf breaking on it.

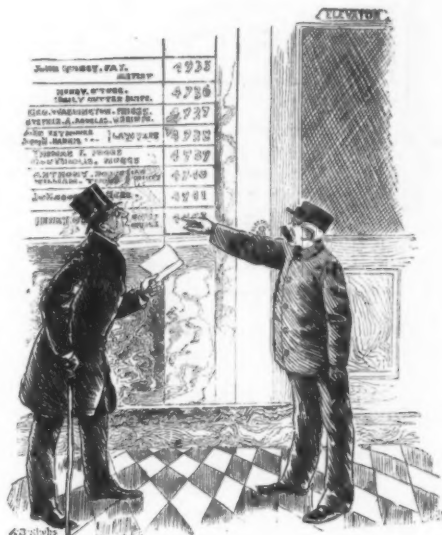
Cedar Street is not green all the year round, and Pine Street is not a health resort any more than Spruce Street is the paradise of chewing-gum dealers. Spring Street is not the resort of poets, nor Prince Street of royalty. Commerce Street is almost without a store, and we never heard that Elm Street was particularly slippery. Attorney Street is not selected by our legal luminaries as a place of residence, any more than President Street is by aspirants for political office. Carmine Street was never painted red.

Acorns are not sprouting on Oak Street, and Jackson Street is not shaded by a solitary hickory any more than Watts Street is full of "busy bees." Grove Street is treeless, and Barrow Street is not conspicuous for wheelbarrows. You might mine Perry Street from beginning to end, and not find a periwinkle. Bank Street will never be a money centre, and Broome Street will never be swept clean. De Peyster, Beekman, Roosevelt and Courtlandt Streets are not centres of fashion and aristocracy. Frankfort Street is not the best place to get Frankfurter sausage, and Rose Street by any other name would smell as sweet.

A MANUFACTURER OUT west informs us, and wishes us to inform the American public, that his patent buzz-saw has just captured the finger of scorn, and that it will never again be pointed at any one.

SAM JONES told his Nebraska audiences that he is a gentleman. It is only when Sam gets west of the Missouri river that he dares indulge in such flights of fancy.

IF OUR BUILDINGS KEEP GROWING LARGER.



STRANGER.—I've been looking for Mr. Scalper's office in this building for four days now.

PORTER.—Yez wan' ter tek th' corridor railroad ter th' south side, git out at siction wan hundred an' twinty, go oop till th' forty-second floor, an' tek a cab fer th' law department. Inquire there, an' they'll give yez further directions.

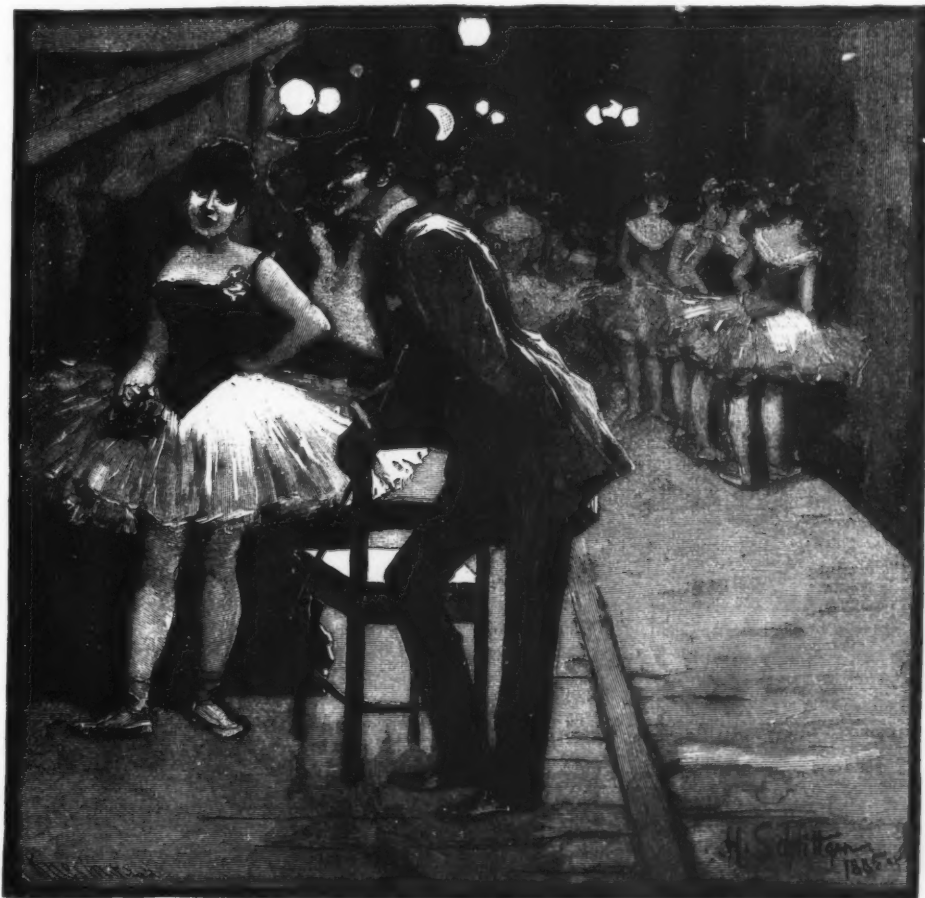
Mr. Joseph Keppler's celebrated water-color portrait of

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND,

(from 10 color plates; the only portrait of Mrs. Cleveland which is drawn from life), 15 cents per copy, of all News-dealers, or by mail, on receipt of price, from

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK,

NEW YORK.



AMERICAN OPERA STILL SHINES.

TOMPKINS DE RUFFLEFRONT.—By Jove, that was a brilliant performance! Greatest effort of your life, was n't it? DANSEUSE (of American Opera Co.)—No, Monsieur! Pas de Tous! Ze greatest effort of my life was ven I do try to clean house without Sapollo!

Curtain. Green lights. Slow music.

FRED: BROWN'S GINGER.

FOR NERVOUS HEADACHE

(AS A COUNTER-IRRITANT.)

Take Fred! Brown's Ginger.
Wet thoroughly a cloth or
piece of flannel—bind it on
the head. It **WILL** feel very
hot, but **WILL NOT** blister.

TRY IT.

It has done good when all
other applications failed.

REMEMBER.

In buying, look out for the
RED LABEL.—Trade-Mark.

*Fred K Brown
Philadelphia
Pa*

CANDY

Address

**C. F. CUNTER, Confectioner,
78 Madison St., Chicago.**

NO GENTLEMAN



who has once shaved WITH
GENUINE YANKEE SOAP
will ever be without it.

It softens the beard, soothes
the skin. Its lather is heavy, and
does not dry on the face. It has
no equal. All Druggists keep it.
Avoid Imitations. Trial Sample
by Mail, 12 cts.

**THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
Glastonbury, Conn.**
Formerly WILLIAMS & BROS., New
Haven, 1840.

\$1000 REWARD!

We offer \$1000.00 Reward for a cough or throat
trouble (last stages of disease excepted), which can-
not be relieved by a proper use of Dr. X. Stone's
Bronchial Wafers. Sample free. Address
STONE MEDICINE CO., Quincy, Ill.

127

I WANT to buy a coal stove," drawled a man
with sad eyes, as he dragged his attenuated
form into a Madison Street hardware store.

"A coal stove!" gasped the merchant, knock-
ing over a chair in his haste to reach the cus-
tomer.

"Yes, a coal stove," replied the sad-eyed man
with a sigh: "I thought you would think I was
crazy, so I took the precaution to bring a cer-
tificate from my physician."

"Very thoughtful," the merchant chuckled,
taking the stranger by the arm: "what style of
stove do you want?"

"A coal stove," replied the sad-eyed man,
with a wail of despair.

"Of course; you told me that before. I mean
what kind of stove do you want? Self-feeder?"

"Suffering Caesar! No! Self-feeding stove
with coal at seven dollars and fifty cents a ton,
and a famine close at hand? You must be in-
sane. I want a stove that I can feed with a
spoon—one that does n't get hungry more than
twice a week, and has enough humanity in it to
heat three rooms when the thermometer is be-
low zero. A self-feeding stove? I want one
that I can bring up on the bottle."—*Chicago
Herald.*

All persons afflicted with Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Colic, and all
kinds of indigestions will find immediate relief and sure cure by
using **Angostura Bitters**. The only genuine is manufactured
by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

Arnold, Constable & Co. LINENS

30 Per Cent. Below Regular Prices.

The Balance of our Large Purchase
8-4 LINEN DAMASKS,
DAMASK CLOTHS,
DAMASK NAPKINS,
TOWELLINGS, etc.

Broadway & 19th St.
New York.

BEYOND COMPARISON.

Our Imported and Domestic Stock of
KERSEYS, MELTONS, ASTRACHANS, etc.,
for
MEDIUM and HEAVY WEIGHT OVERCOATS.
Made up in the most fashionable style. To order from \$18.

Endless Variety of
CASSIMERES, WORSTEDS, HOMESPUNS, etc.,

for
DRESS and BUSINESS SUITS.

To order from \$20.
Trousers " \$5.

Samples and Self Measurement Rules mailed on
application.

Nicoll
The Tailor.

145, 147, 149 Bowery,
and

771 Broadway, Corner Ninth Street.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 119 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO, ILL., 209 Wabash Avenue.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 922 Market St.

A WARNING.

The high repute and extensive sales
of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS has
not only encouraged imitations, but
dangerous compounds to be offered
for sale. It should be borne in mind
that ALLCOCK'S are the only genuine
and reliable porous plasters, and while
containing the indispensably neces-
sary ingredients for a perfect plaster,
they are purely vegetable and free
from deleterious drugs.

Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no ex-
planation or solicitation induce you to
accept a substitute.



BUY NO
OTHER.

Send stamp for Book of beautiful Poems,
P. O. Box 3774, presented by the proprietor of
Pease's Honey, Horehound, Licorice & Tar

Health is better than riches. For Coughs,
Colds, and all Throat and Lung troubles. A
preventive of Consumption. This celebrated
remedy is prepared by the grandson of JOHN
PEASE, the originator of Horehound Candy, and
has no equal. A trial bottle will convince any one
of this fact. Price, 25c. and \$1; pocket flask, 50c. Ask your drug-
gists for (full name) Pease's Honey, Horehound, Li-
corice and Tar, or send price to General Depot, at old stand, 62 & 64 Division St.

TOBOGGANING.

Agents for the celebrated

PROCTOR TOBOGGAN.

STRONGEST, MOST DURABLE & SWIFTEST.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

New York Bicycle Co., 38 Park Place



THE FAVORITE CHAIRS.

A model of luxury and convenience either in
sickness or in health. 50 changes of position.
Simple to a child. Unlike other chairs it can
be adjusted by the one sitting in it. We manu-
facture Physicians' and Invalids' Chairs.



STEVENS

CHAIR CO.,

6th & Duquesne Sts.,

PITTSBURG, PA.



LYON & HEALY

STATE & MONROE STS., CHICAGO.

will mail, free, their newly enlarged

Catalogue of Band Instruments,

Uniforms and Equipments, 400

Fine Illustrations describing every

article required by Bands or Drum

Corps, including Repairing Mate-
rials, Trimmings, etc.

Contains Instructions for
Assault Bands, Exercises and Scales,
Drum Major's Tactics, By-Laws, and a
Selected List of Band Music.

CATARH Cured. Sample treatment FREE
R. S. Lauderbach & Co., Newark, N. J.

PROF. FOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE OF GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

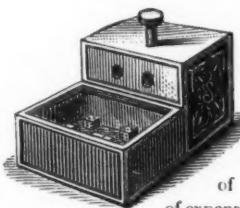
EPPS'S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. COCOA

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for



Demand unprecedented. R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago

THE IMPROVED DICE THROWING CIGAR CUTTER.



The improvement consists of a New Automatic Movement, and an improved Knife, making the Cutter, as it now stands, a PERFECT MACHINE. It is made of hard metal and sent (free of expense) to any part of the United

States on receipt of \$1.25. References given from New York, Chicago or Cincinnati. Special prices for wholesale trade.

THE STEWART NOVELTY CO.,
109 EAST 9TH ST., NEW YORK.

MAGIC LANTERNS

And STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc. A profitable business for a man with a small capital. Also, Lanterns for Home Amusement. 148 page Catalogue free. McALLISTER, Mfr. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N.Y.



Print Your Own Cards!

PRESS, \$5; Circular size press, \$4; Newspaper size, \$4. Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 3 stamps for catalogue press, type, cards, &c., to the factory, KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

EDEN MUSEE: 55 West 23rd Street. Muncsi Lajos and Prince Paul Esterhazy's Orchestra. Daily two Grand Concerts. Admission, 50 cents; Sundays, 25 cents.

DENTAL OFFICE OF
Philippe Dieffenbach-Truchsess
NO. 162 WEST 23D STREET, Bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.



"HOME EXERCISER" for Brain Workers and Sedentary People. Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 8 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular, "HOME SCHOOL FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE," 115 6th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Down. Wm. Blake, author of "How to Get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any other I liked half as well."

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indecency. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVE, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

WELCH RARE BITS.

WHEN about half through dinner, Bobby said to Mr. Featherly:

"Ma likes to have you here to dinner, Mr. Featherly."

Featherly looked very much pleased, and was about to say something appropriate to the occasion, when Bobby continued:

"Yes," he said: "she likes to have you here to dinner, because she says it does her good to see you eat."

OLD MR. BENTLY.—I see by the papers that in a town out West of only three hundred inhabitants, twenty of 'em were killed in a recent storm.

OLD MRS. BENTLY.—You don't say so! Twenty killed! Dear, dear, it must be a ben an awful big storm for so small a town.

GENTLEMAN (to new man).—Did you give the horse some corn in the ear as I told you to, Pat?

NEW MAN.—I did, sorr. An' as ye did n't say which wan to give it to him in, I guv him some in wan ear an' some in the other; but, be jabbers, I thought the beast wud kill me.

"I HAVE a patent receptacle for peanut shucks," he explained: "and I will be pleased to show it to you. For theatre parties there is nothing like it in the known world."

"Are you meeting with much success?"

"I have n't canvassed the East yet, but out West, particularly in Kansas City and St. Louis, they went off like a bank cashier.—Philip H. Welch, in Good Cheer.

A Fortune For You.

All is new; capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Wherever you live you should at once write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine; they will send you free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, earning thereby from \$5 to \$25 and upward daily, from the first start. Some have made over \$50 in a day. The best chance ever known by working people. Now is the time—delay not.

DECEMBER 10, 1898.

THE JOURNALIST. NEW YORK, DECEMBER

A JOURNALISTIC SUCCESS.

One of the most striking and interesting features in the record of American journalism is the remarkable and steady phenomenal success of *Texas Sittings*, started by Sweet and Knox in Austin, Texas, May 9, 1887. It attained a circulation exceeding 5,000 copies during the first month. Its popularity with the American people was fully attested from its inception—the first year showing a rapid advance in its sales, at the close of the year it having reached a circulation of over 20,000 copies weekly. This circulation was more than doubled during the second year. It has steadily increased until at the close of its fifth volume the sales of the paper reached 93,000 each issue. Before that time the principal office of publication was moved to New York, as there was no facilities in Texas for printing or distributing such a large edition.

When in May last, beginning its sixth volume, *Sittings* appeared as a sixteen-page paper, price ten cents, many predicted that the circulation would fall off. The improvement in the paper was so marked, and its new features were so unique, that, instead of decreasing, the circulation has increased more than twenty per cent. during the six months ending November last, and is now over one hundred and ten thousand copies each issue.

Texas Sittings is probably one of the best known, and is certainly one of the most popular, humorous and literary papers in the world.

We take it that the secret of its success is the fact that its proprietors keep abreast of the times, add new and original features to it as fast as they can be obtained, and secure for its columns the best talent that can be found in the country.

With such humorists as Alex. E. Sweet, J. Army Knox, and A. M. G. Griswold in the editorial department, and as artists Theo. Worth, Frank Bellows, Walt. Van Hook, and Remondin, in the artistic department, it is not much wonder that *Texas Sittings* has taken the place it has in journalism.

The paper is published every day except Sunday and holidays.

SOZODONT

BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE

ARE COMMUNICATED TO THE MOUTH BY

SOZODONT.

which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy, and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

Patent Covers for Filing Puck.

They are simple, strong and easily used. Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are punched through them. Will always lie open, even when full. Allow any paper on file to be taken off without disturbing the rest. Price, 75 cents.

By mail, to any part of the United States, on receipt of \$1.00, from

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK,
NEW YORK.

The Struggles of Life.

From the cradle to the grave life is full of struggles. Some struggle for riches, some for pleasure, some for honor, and others struggle to regain that greatest of all blessings—health; and in their efforts they often resort to means which place it farther out of their reach. They take drastic compounds, which shock the system, or violent minerals which poison by degrees, thus the vital energies are weakened and the fountains of life polluted. Nature provides remedies, and it is from the vegetable kingdom that Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills derive their ingredients, and there is the happy certainty that if they do no good, they do no harm. But of their efficacy thousands who have been cured of diseased Liver, Kidneys, Spleen, Stomach and Bowels live to-day to testify.

Tutt's Liver Pills
SOLD EVERYWHERE, 25c.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst case. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

DEAFNESS

Its cause, and a new and successful CURE at your own home, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. Cured himself in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application.

T. S. PAGE, No. 41 West 21st St., New York City.

ASTHMA CURED

GERMAN ASTHMA CURE. Instantly relieves the most violent attack, and insures comfortable sleep. NO WAITING for RESULTS. Being used by inhalation, its action is immediate, direct and certain, and a cure is the result in all curable cases. A single trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c, and \$1.00 of any druggist, or by mail. Sample Free for stamp. Dr. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK.—THIRD CROP.

Price, Twenty-Five Cents. For Sale Everywhere.



PEARS' Soap is for sale throughout the United States, and in all parts of the world, and its praises are heard and echoed everywhere.

ANGOSTURA



BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SEIGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.
51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of All
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.

To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

MONTE CRISTO WHISKEY.

Highly recommended for medicinal and family uses. \$2.50, \$3, \$4, \$5 and \$6 per gallon. \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12 and \$15 per case of 12 bottles. Packed in plain or branded case (as ordered) and shipped to all parts of United States. (No charge for packing.) **CHILDS & CO.**, Proprietors and Sole Agents, 543 and 545 10th Ave., New York City, Wholesale Wine and Liquor Dealers. (A case of assorted Wines and Liquors of any kind you prefer from \$6 to \$15 per case.) Send cash, Post-office Order or Registered Letter. (Orders by mail promptly filled.)

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease: by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Ex. & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St. N. Y.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK,

64 pages, PUCK size. 25 cents per copy.

Mailed to any address on receipt of Thirty Cents.

"SIC TRANSIT."—A ride in an ambulance.
—Trade-Mark Record.

KATHRYN KYDDER, an actress, refused to play yn Chycago on a Sunday. Thys actyon wyll certaynly delyght Kathryn's Sabbath observing fryends. —Norristown Herald.

Who ashes on his sidewalk throws,
Will always have more friends than foes.

Who doffs her bonnet at the play,
Will meet with blessings every day.

Who his wife's letters promptly mails,
Needs not to tell fictitious tales.

—Boston Courier.

Lactated Food

The Physician's Favorite

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

Leading Physicians of all Schools and sections voluntarily testify to its superior merit as

The Most NOURISHING, the Most PALATABLE, the Most ECONOMICAL, of all Prepared Foods.

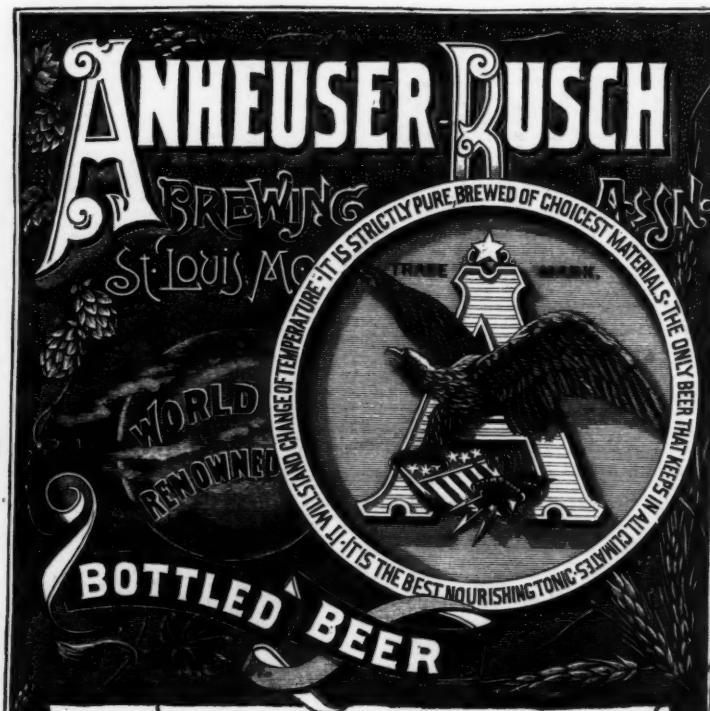
150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

America's Favorite
Lager Beer.



A. C. L. & O. MEYER, General Agents, 104 Broad Street, N. Y.
ANHEUSER-BUSCH EXPORT BEER FOR SALE AT
Park & Tiltford, Thurber, Whyland & Co., Acier, Merrill & Condit,
and all leading grocers of New York City.

O, BISHOP OF KALAMAZOO!

THE Reverend Bishop of Kalamazoo
Once went behind the scenes,
To see for himself if it were true,
What he'd heard of footlight queens.

He was dazzled at first with the glare of gas;
The carpenters knocked him down,
The prompter forbade him this way to pass;
He was sworn at by the clown.

He stuck in a groove, and fell in a trap;
Was hoisted to the flies;
But arrived without any further mishap,
As they rang up the curtain's rise.

And there, in the wings, all drest in smiles,
Stood two pretty ballet maids,
Of symmetric limbs and witching wiles—
Said one of the lively maids:

"His head is bald—he must be gay;"
"Say, Governor! Who are you?"
"My dears," did the rev'rend wand'rer say,
"I'm the Bishop of Kalamazoo."

—Unknown Exchange.

MR. STANLEY, the explorer, says that the greatest difficulty encountered in building railroads in Africa is that the ostriches eat up the rails as fast as they are laid.—*Norristown Herald*.

A PETRIFIED Indian has been e. humed in Arizona. The savage is supposed to have been petrified with astonishment on discovering an honest Indian agent.—*S. F. News Letter*.

COON has a bushy tail,
'Pos'um's tail am bar',
Rabbit has no tail at all
But a little bunch of ha'r.

—Washington Critic.

WIFE.—I don't see how you can say that Mr. Whitechoker has an effeminate way of talking. He has a very loud voice.

HUSBAND.—I mean by an effeminate way of talking, my dear, that he talks all the time.—*Harper's Bazar*.

"DINNY, yez do be drinkin' too much fer a lad o' yer years," said an Irishman to his son: "If it is n't careful yez are, ye'll foind yerself filling a drunkard's grave before you die."—*Chicago Merchant Traveler*.

FROM W. L. SHOTWELL, 204 ORANGE ST., Newark, N. J.—Messrs. Kinsman & Co.—Gents: I am pleased to recommend Adamson's Cough Balsam as a sure cure for all it claims. I would not be without it. It has done me more good than physicians' prescriptions in three years.
Kinsman's, 25th Street and 4th Avenue.

THE COSMOPOLITAN FOR 1887.

We take pleasure in calling attention to THE COSMOPOLITAN, published by Schlicht and Field Co., Rochester, N. Y. It is the handsomest and most readable low price illustrated family magazine now published. It makes a specialty of short stories, and also brief and bright articles on all subjects of human interest. During the coming year it will publish two remarkably interesting articles on "Monte Carlo, or the Plague Spot of Europe," by Mr. Charles C. Wellman. He gives the origin and history of Monte Carlo, describes the games played there, and presents anecdotes and pictures of this place. Another very interesting article will be on "Horses and Hunting in Persia," by Mr. Wolf von Schierhand, secretary of the Hon. Mr. Winston, late minister to Persia. The fiction that will appear in THE COSMOPOLITAN for the coming year will include stories by the best known writers. Those from Russian literature will be a unique feature. The genius of M. Gogol, Count Leon Tolstoi and Theodore Dostoiivsky is just beginning to win recognition in this country, and THE COSMOPOLITAN will be the only magazine that will publish stories by these great writers. The price of THE COSMOPOLITAN is \$2.50 with the premium, which consists of the Shannon Letter and Bill File.

152

Mr. Joseph Keppler's celebrated water-color portrait of

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND,

(from 10 color plates; the only portrait of Mrs. Cleveland which is drawn from life), 15 cents per copy, of all News-dealers, or by mail, on receipt of price, from

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK,

NEW YORK.



The Seven Cuticura Boys

These seven beautiful boys owe their beauty of skin, luxuriance of hair, purity of blood, and freedom from hereditary taint or humors to the celebrated CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Thousands of children are born into the world every day with some eczematous affection, such as milk crust, scall head, scurf or dandruff, sure to develop into an agonizing eczema, the itching, burning, and disfigurement of which make life a prolonged torture unless properly treated.

A warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the Great S in Cure, with a little CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, is often sufficient to arrest the progress of the disease, and point to a speedy and permanent cure.

Your most valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES have done my child so much good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin disease. My little girl was troubled with Eczema, and I tried several doctors and medicines, but did not do her any good until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which speedily cured her, for which I owe you many thanks and many nights of rest.

ANTON BOSSMIER, Edinburgh, Ind.

Sold everywhere Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

THE farmer leads a pleasant life. "All day long, with a laugh and a song," he drives the alien cow from his corn-field, and repairs the rail-fence. Merrily he swings the axe to and fro, and the chips fly right and left, until, yielding to his well-aimed blows, the tree falls on him and breaks a leg.—*Drovers' Journal*.

"YOUNG men believe in nothing nowadays," says Mrs. Ramsbotham, with a deep sigh: "Why, there's my nephew Tom, who was brought up as a Christian, and now he's an acrostic."—*Boston Times*.

Many people's remarks are irrelevant, but if you've got a pain or ache or a bruise, Salvation Oil will reach the subject instantly. Price, 25 cts.

PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1887,

(64 pages Puck size)

WILL BE OUT NEXT WEEK.

25 cts. per copy,
Of all News-dealers.

By mail, 30 cts.
To all parts of the Globe.

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it; but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES. The effect was simply marvellous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion, your valuable remedies saved his life, and to day he is a strong healthy child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred.

GEO. B. SMITH,

Att'y at Law and Ex-Pros. Att'y, Ashland, O.
REFERENCE: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O.

One year ago the CUTICURA and SOAP cured a little girl in our house of the worst sore head we ever saw, and the RESOLVENT and CUTICURA are now curing a young gentleman of a sore leg, while the physicians are trying to have it amputated. It will save his leg.

S. B. SMITH & BRO., Covington, Ky.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.

AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANAEMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

OPIUM HABIT ABSOLUTELY CURED, NOT A PARTICLE PAIN or self-denial. Pay when cured. Handsome book free. DR. C. J. WEATHERBY, Kansas City, Mo.



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR CONVICTS?

The Abolition of Contract Labor Leaves Them Idle. We Suggest a Few Pleasant Amusements to Help Them to Kill Time.